

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1970



represent it at the annual dinner of the the Fourth.

ally arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of the sudden deaths an ex-

New England, Worcester, Mass.....Sept. 2 to 5

PROMINENT BUSINESS HOUSES

100

Editor M

The Poet's Corner.

ALL THINE, O SACRED UNION!

A POETRY OF POETRY.

[From Wm. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"]

All thine, O sacred Union!

Ship, farm, shop, factory, mine—

City and State—North, South, and West—

Woods, meadows, and mountains, all to thee—

Protectress absolute thou! Bulwark of all!

For well we know that while thou givest

all (and generous as thou),

Without thee neither art nor soul nor land,

nor home,

Ship nor mine—nor any here this day secure,

nor thought, nor any here this day secure,

And thou, thy wisdom, waving over all!

Delicate beauty! a symbol, to thee (it may be said)

Remember, thou hast not always been as here

today, so comfortably as thou art now!

In other countries and times I observed thee,

And thou, thy wisdom, waving over all!

Not quite so trim and whole, and freshly bloom-

ing, as thou art now!

But I have seen thee, bustling, to letters torn

upon thy splintered staff,

Or clutched to some soldier's color-bearing's breast

with desperate hands,

Savagely struggled for, for life and death, fought

and slain,

And moving masses, with demons surging—

And lives as nothing! cried!

For thy more solemn, grimed with dirt

and smoke, and soiled in blood,

Many a good man have I seen in order

Now here and there, and hence, in peace, all

thine, O Union!

And here, and hence, for thee, O universal

Nurse! and thou for them!

And here and hence, for thee, O Union, all the work

and men thou!

The poets, writers, soldiers, farmers—

None separate from thee—benefactors are only

and thou;

(For the blood of the children—what is it, only

the blood-maternal?)

And lives and works—what are they all at last,

except the blood to faith and death?

White we rebuke our manures weiled, it is

for thee, O Union!

We own it all—our several—yet indissoluble in

thee;

—Think not our chant, our show, merely for

praise, but for thee, O Union, for thee, O Union,

our farms, inventions, crops we own in thee,

and State in thee!

Our freedom all is thine—our very lives in thee!

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND

ALL THINE, O SACRED UNION!

A POETRY OF POETRY.

[From Wm. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"]

All thine, O sacred Union!

Ship, farm, shop, factory, mine—

City and State—North, South, and West—

Woods, meadows, and mountains, all to thee—

Protectress absolute thou! Bulwark of all!

For well we know that while thou givest

all (and generous as thou),

Without thee neither art nor soul nor land,

nor home,

Ship nor mine—nor any here this day secure,

nor thought, nor any here this day secure,

And thou, thy wisdom, waving over all!

Delicate beauty! a symbol, to thee (it may be said)

Remember, thou hast not always been as here

today, so comfortably as thou art now!

In other countries and times I observed thee,

And thou, thy wisdom, waving over all!

Not quite so trim and whole, and freshly bloom-

ing, as thou art now!

But I have seen thee, bustling, to letters torn

upon thy splintered staff,

Or clutched to some soldier's color-bearing's breast

with desperate hands,

Savagely struggled for, for life and death, fought

and slain,

And moving masses, with demons surging—

And lives as nothing! cried!

For thy more solemn, grimed with dirt

and smoke, and soiled in blood,

Many a good man have I seen in order

Now here and there, and hence, in peace, all

thine, O Union!

And here, and hence, for thee, O universal

Nurse! and thou for them!

And here and hence, for thee, O Union, all the work

and men thou!

The poets, writers, soldiers, farmers—

None separate from thee—benefactors are only

and thou;

(For the blood of the children—what is it, only

the blood-maternal?)

And lives and works—what are they all at last,

except the blood to faith and death?

White we rebuke our manures weiled, it is

for thee, O Union!

We own it all—our several—yet indissoluble in

thee;

—Think not our chant, our show, merely for

praise, but for thee, O Union, for thee, O Union,

our farms, inventions, crops we own in thee,

and State in thee!

Our freedom all is thine—our very lives in thee!